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## SWINGS IN A CIRCLE.

Good or Evil We Do Shall Return to Bless or Blast Us.

Dr. Talmage Uses the Beautiful Geometrical Figure in His Discourse—Circle of Centuries and of Good Deeds.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.)  
Washington, Nov. 3.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows that the good or evil we do returns to bless or blast us; text, Isaiah 41:22: "It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth."

While yet people thought that the world was flat and thousands of years before they found out that it was round, Isaiah, in my text, intimated the shape of it, God sitting upon the circle of the earth. The most beautiful figure in all geometry is the circle. God made the universe on the plan of a circle.

There are in the natural world straight lines, angles, parallelograms, diagonals, quadrangles, but these evidently are not God's favorites. Almost everywhere you find him geometrizing you find the circle dominant, and if not the circle then the curve, which is a circle that did young. If it had lived long enough, it would have been a full orb, a periphery. An ellipse is a circle pressed just a little too hard at the sides.

The great Causeway, in Ireland, shows what God thinks of mathematics. There are over 35,000 columns of rocks—octagonal, hexagonal, pentagonal. These rocks seem to have been made by rule and compass. Every artist has his molding room, where he may make fifty shapes, but he chooses one shape as preferable to all others. I will not say that the giant's Causeway was the world's molding-room, but I do say out of a great many figures God seems to have selected the circle as the best. "It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth." The stars in a circle, the moon in a circle, the sun in a circle, the universe in a circle and the throne of God the center of that circle.

Appreciation of this would correct the architecture of churches, whose shape is often a defiance of divine suggestion. When men build churches, they ought to imitate the idea of the Great Architect and put the audience in a circle, knowing that the tides of emotion roll more easily that way than in straight lines. Six thousand years ago God flung this world out of his right hand, but He did not throw it out in a straight line, but revolved it with a lash of love holding it so as to bring it back again. The world started from His hand pure and elastic. It has been rolling on through regions of moral ice and distemper. How long it will roll God only knows, but it will in due time make complete circuit and come back to the place where it started, the hand of God, pure and elastic.

The history of the world goes in a circle. Why is it that the shipping in our day is improving so rapidly? A scientific builder says it is because men are imitating in some respects what the small wits deride, the old model of Noah's ark, not as we see it in old time pictures, but as it really was according to the account given. Great ships have we now, but where is the ship on the sea today that could outride a deluge in which the heaven and earth were wrecked, landing all passengers in safety—two of each kind of creatures, hundreds of thousands of species.

Pomology will go on with its achievements until after many centuries the world will have plums and pears equal to the paradisaical. The art of gardening will grow for centuries, and after the Downings and Mitchells of the world have done their best in the far future the art of gardening will come up to the art of the year 1. If the makers of colored glass go on improving, they may in some centuries be able to make something equal to the east window of York minster, which was built in the year 1290. We are six centuries behind those artists, but the world must keep on tolling until it shall make the complete circuit and come up to the skill of those very men.

If the world continues to improve in masonry, we shall have, after awhile, perhaps after the advance of centuries, mortar equal to that which I saw in the wall of an exhausted English city built in the time of the Romans, 1,600 years ago, that mortar today as good as the day in which it was made, having outlasted the brick and stone. I say after hundreds of years masonry may advance to that point.

If the world stands long enough, we may have a city as large as they had in old times—Babylon, five times the size of London. You go into the potteries of England, and you find them making cups and vases after the style of the cups and vases exhumed from Pompeii. The world is not going back. Oh, no! But it is swinging in a circle and will come around to the styles of pottery known so long ago as the days of Pompeii. The world must keep on progressing until it makes the complete circuit. The curve is in the right direction; the curve will keep on until it becomes the circle.

Well, now, what is true in the material universe is true in God's moral government and spiritual arrangement. That is the meaning of Ezekiel's wheel. All commentators agree in saying that the wheel means God's providence. But a wheel is of no use unless it turns, and if it turns it turns around, and if it turns around it moves in a circle. What then? Are

we parts of a great iron machine whirled around whether we will or not, the victims of inexorable fate? No! So far from that I shall show you that we ourselves start the circle of good or bad actions and that it will surely come around again to us unless by Divine intervention it be hindered. Those bad or good actions may make the circuit of many years, but come back to us they will as certainly as that God sits on the circle of the earth.

Jehzebel, the worst woman of the Bible, Shakespeare copying his Lady Macbeth from her picture, slew Naboth because she wanted his vineyard. While the dogs were eating the body of Naboth, Elijah, the prophet, put down his compass and marked a circle from those dogs clear around to the dogs that should eat the body of Jehzebel, the murderess. "Impossible!" the people said. "That will never happen." Who is that being flung out of the palace window? Jehzebel. A few hours after they came around, hoping to bury her. They did only the pious of the hands and the skull. The dogs that devoured Naboth, what a swift, what an awful circuit!

But it is sometimes the case that this circle sweeps through a century or through many centuries. The world started with a theory for government—that is, God was the president and emperor of the world. People got tired of a theocracy. They said: "We don't want God directly interfering with the affairs of the world. Give us a monarchy." The world had a monarchy. From a monarchy it is going to have a limited monarchy. After awhile the limited monarchy will be given up, and the republican form of government will be everywhere dominant and recognized. Then the world will get tired of the republican form of government, and it will have an anarchy, which is no government at all. And then all nations, finding out that man is not capable of righteously governing man, will cry out again for theocracy and say: "Let God come back and conduct the affairs of the world," every step—monarchy, limited monarchy, republicanism, anarchy—only different steps between the first theocracy and the last theocracy or segments of the great circle of the earth on which God sits.

But do not become impatient, because you cannot see the curve of events and therefore conclude that God's government is going to break down. History tells us that in the making of the pyramids it took 2,000 men two years to drag one great stone from the quarry and put it into the pyramid. If men short lived can afford to work so slowly as that, cannot God in the building of eternities afford to wait?

What change God should take 10,000 years to draw a circle? Shall we take our little watch, which we have to wind up every night lest it run down, and hold it up beside the clock of eternal ages? If, according to the Bible, a thousand years are in God's sight as one day, then, according to that calculation, the 6,000 years of the world's existence has been only to God as from Monday to Saturday.

But it is often the case that the rebound is quicker, the return is much quicker, than that. The circle is sooner completed. You resolve that you will do what good you can. In one week you put a word of counsel in the heart of a Sabbath school child. During that same week you give a letter of introduction to a young man struggling in business. During the same week you make an exhortation in a prayer meeting. It is all gone. You will never hear of it perhaps, you think. A few years after a man comes up to you and says: "You don't know me, do you?" You say: "No! I don't remember ever to have seen you." "Why," he says, "I was in the Sabbath school class over which you were the teacher. One Sunday you invited me to Christ. I accepted the offer. You see that church with two towers yonder?" "Yes," you say. He says: "That is where I preach," or: "Do you see that parsonage's house? That is where I live."

One day a man comes to you and says: "Good morning." You look at him and say: "Why, you have the advantage of me. I cannot place you." He says: "Don't you remember 30 years ago giving a letter of introduction to a young man—a letter of introduction to William E. Dodge?" "Yes, yes, I do," he says. "I am the man. That was my first step toward a fortune, but I have retired from business now and am giving my time to philanthropies and public interests. Come up to my house and see me."

Or a man comes to you and says: "I want to introduce myself to you. I went into a prayer meeting some years ago. I sat back by the door. You arose to make an exhortation. Talk changed the course of my life, and if I ever get to Heaven you God I will owe my salvation to you." In only ten, twenty or thirty years the circle swept out and swept back again to your own grateful heart. But sometimes it is a wider circle and does not return for a great while. I saw a bill of expenses for burning fatimer and Ridley. The bill of expenses has these items among others:

Shilling Pence.  
One load of fire faggots..... 2 4  
Carriage for four loads of wood..... 2 4  
From a post..... 1 4  
Four chairs..... 3 4  
From two stoves..... 1 4  
Item, four laborers..... 2 4

making in all 25s. 8d. That was cheap fire, considering all the circumstances, but it kindled a light which shone all around the world and aroused the martyr spirit, and out from that burning of Latimer and Ridley rolled the circle wider and wider, starting other circles, convulsing, overrunning, encircling, overreaching, all Heaven, a circle.

But what is true of the good is just as true of the bad. You utter a slander against your neighbor. It has gone forth from your teeth. It will never come back, you think. You have done the man all the mischief you can. You rejoice to see him wince. You say: "Didn't I give it to him?" That word has gone out—that slanderous word—on its poisonous and blasted way. You think it will never do you any harm. But I am watching that word, and I see it beginning to curve, and it curves around, and it is aiming at your heart. You had better dodge it. You cannot dodge it. It rolls into your bosom, and after it rolls in a word of an old book rolls in after it, saying: "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

You maltreat an aged parent. You begrudge him the room in your house. You are impatient of his whimsicalities and garrulities. It makes you mad to hear him tell the same story twice. You give him food he cannot masticate. You wish he was away. You wonder if he is going to live forever. He will be gone very soon. His steps are shorter and shorter. He is going to stop. But God has an account to settle with you on that subject. After awhile your eye will be dim, and your gait will halt, and the sound of the grinding will be low, and you will tell the same story twice, and your children will wonder if you will never be taken away. They called you "father" once; now they call you "old man." If you live a few years longer, they will call you the "old chap." What are those rough words with which your children are accosting you? They are the echo of the very words you used in the ear of your old father 40 years ago. What is that which you are trying to chew, but find it unmanageable, and your jaws ache, and you surrender the attempt? Perhaps it may be the gristle which you gave to your father for his breakfast 40 years ago.

A gentleman passing along the avenue saw a son dragging his father into the street by the hair of the head. The gentleman, outraged at this brutal conduct, was about to punish the offender, when the old man arose and said: "Don't hurt him. It's all right. Forty years ago this morning I dragged out my father by the hair of his head." In a circle. Other sins may be adjudged to the next world. That circle is made quickly, very quickly. Oh, what a stupendous thought that the good and the evil we start come back to us! Do you know that the Judgment day will be only the points at which the circles join, the good and the bad we have done coming back to us unless Divine intervention hinder—coming back to us with welcome of delight or curse of condemnation?

Oh, I would like to see Paul, the immortal missionary, at the moment when his influence comes to full orb, his influence rolling out through Antioch, through Cyprus, through Lystra, through Corinth, through Athens, through Asia, through Europe, through America, through the first century, through five centuries, through 20 centuries, through earth, through Heaven, and at last the wave of influence, having made full circuit, strikes his soul. Oh, then I would like to see him! No one can tell the wide sweep of the circle of Paul's influence save the one who is seated on the circle of the earth.

I would like to see the countenance of Voltaire when his influence comes to full orb. When the fatal hemorrhage seized him at 83 years of age, his influence did not come. The most brilliant man of his century, he had used all his faculties for assaulting Christianity, his bad influence widening through France, widening through America, widening through the 123 years that have gone since he died, widening through earth, widening through the great future, until at last the accumulated influence of his baleful teachings and disolute life will beat against his dismayed spirit, and at that moment it will be enough to make the black hair of eternal darkness turn white with the force of his influence. No one can tell how that man's influence girdled the earth save the one who is seated on the circle of the earth, the Lord Almighty.

"Well, now," says some, "this in some respects is a very glad theory and in others a very bad one. We would like to have the good we have ever done come back to us, but the thought that all the sins we have ever committed will come back to us fills us with fright." My brother, I have to tell you God can break that circle and will do so at your call. I can bring 30 passages of Scripture to prove that when God for Christ's sake forgives a man the sins of his past life never come back. The wheel may roll on and on, but you take your position behind the cross, and the wheel strikes the cross and is shattered forever. The sins fly off from the circle and fall at right angles with complete oblivion. Forgiven! Forgiven! The meanest thing a man can do is, after some difficulty has been settled, to bring it up again, and God will not do anything like that. God's memory is mighty enough to hold all the events of the ages, but there is one thing that is sure to slip his memory, one thing He is sure to forget, and that is pardoned transgressions. How do I know it? I will prove it. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven."

But do not make the mistake of thinking that this doctrine of the circle steps with this life. It rolls on through Heaven. You might quote in opposition to me what St. John says about the City of Heaven. He says it "lieth four square." That does seem to militate against this idea of a circle. But do you not know there is many a square house that has a family circle facing each other and in a circle

moving, and I can prove that this is so in regard to Heaven. St. John says: "I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts and the elders." And again he says: "I saw round about the throne four and twenty seats." And again he says: "There was a rainbow round about the throne."

The two former imply a circle, the last either a circle or a semicircle, the seats facing each other, the angels facing each other, the men facing each other, Heaven an amphitheater of glory, circumference of patriarchs and prophet and apostle, circumference of Scotch covenants and Theban legion and Abbigence, circumference of the good of all ages, periphery of splendor unimagined and indescribable, a circle, a circle!

But every circumference must have a center, and what is the center of this heavenly circumference? Christ—His all the glory, His all the praise, His all the crowns, all Heaven wreathed into a garland round about Him. Take off the imperial sandal from His foot and behold the scar of the spike. Lift the coronet of dominion from His brow and see where was the laceration of the briars. Come closer, all Heaven, Narrow the circle around His great heart. O Christ, the Saviour, O Christ, the Man, O Christ, the God, keep Thy throne forever, seated on the circle of the imperial sandal from His foot and behold the scar of the spike. Lift the coronet of dominion from His brow and see where was the laceration of the briars. Come closer, all Heaven, Narrow the circle around His great heart. O Christ, the Saviour, O Christ, the Man, O Christ, the God, keep Thy throne forever, seated on the circle of the imperial sandal from His foot and behold the scar of the spike. 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